

SOME VERSES
CHAS. EATON HAMMOND.



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SOME VERSES,

BY

CHARLES EATON HAMMOND.

ELY :

G. H. TYNDALL, THE MINSTER PRESS,

1907.

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6015
H1853s

TO ALL MY KIND FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS I
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME OF VERSES.

Charles Eaton Hammond.

5 November, 1907.

861810



ELY.

1070.

TOLL vesper bell, toll vesper bell,
 We need no longer fear,
Toll vesper bell, toll vesper bell,
 No Norman lurketh near,

The winter's wind, and driving snows,
 The waters wide and deep,
Will shield us from the cruel foes,
 Who round about us creep.

The light is fading fast away,
 The night is near at hand,
'Tis time for holy men to pray,
 In one devoted band ;

David's sweet songs of holy joy,
 Can comfort us alone
While Norman foes their skill employ,
 To burn, and wreck our home,

Toll vesper bell, toll vesper bell,
 Come brethren all to prayer.
Toll vesper bell, toll vesper bell,
 We'll pray, and not despair.

Thus spoke the Abbot, and in double file
Obedient to the call, the Brothers came
Hooded and wearing each his string of beads,
And bowing low, as to the sacred apse
They singly turned, each brother deeply wrapt
In holy meditation—days were sad,
And the land harried by the Norman host
Who knew scant mercy, and whose great desire
Was to take all, and leave the starving folks
To die of want, a blessed easy fate,
Rather than fall beneath the glut of men,
Whose sense of justice is the naked sword
Or the fierce lusts that make the sword a boon—
Thurstan the Abbot looking all around
At those assembled, spoke in gentle tones,
With the sad notes of an autumnal bird ;
And warned his hearers that bad news had come
Of further deeds of wrong, from Norman hands ;
Deep as they were already stained with blood ;
And gross injustice ; recently they'd been,
From cell to cell and robbed our holy Church,
And put to cruel tortures many a saint,
Who held the terrors of a judgement day,
Like all the lasting penalties for crime
Boldly before their eyes—Bloodshed and fire,
Seemed natural to them all—no good desires,
No nobleness of heart, no inward pang,
For human suffering, stirred within their souls,
Abbots and holy men alike were robbed,
And frightfully abused, at Spalding town,
All had been lost, the monastery sacked,
And Norman monks and priests duly installed ;

Oh, it is sad to see such worthy men
 Turned out to want, and perish in the cold ;
 Pray that our house this camp of refuge here,
 This Ely planted on a lofty hill,
 Surrounded as it is by treacherous swamps,
 And willow forests and with ditches deep,
 May long withstand the onward march of men
 Intent on plunder—oh, the times are sad,
 And merry England lies in low estate,
 The good confessor's reign was one of peace,
 His rule so gentle, happy country then—
 Thurstan the Abbot looked with eager eyes
 On the assembled Brothers, thus he spoke,
 To warn, but not alarm the timid monks
 Trembling already at unwelcome news
 Brought by some outcast, begging food and rest,
 Pray for the soul of Harold that great chief,
 Who lost his life upon the battlefield,
 Struck by an arrow, while around him died
 The flower of William's host, for Harold's arm
 Made havoc with the foe, yet fate decreed
 The fall of Saxon England—well we know
 How after searching faithfully and long,
 His body from the mass of human slain
 Was found and brought to Waltham Abbey Church
 In peace to rest.
 Pray for his soul, and all those valiant men
 Who rather than submit to Norman rule
 Defied the enemy and died in arms—
 Pray for the souls of all who fell that day ;
 He stopt, and as their wont at evensong
 In the still solemn silence of the place,

They knelt, and prayed, and prayed as helpless men.
 Exposed to imminent and fearful odds,
 Do always in the agony of fear,
 Lift up with one accord their bitter cry.
 Gloomy the evening, but the peaceful moon
 Lighted the building, and the gusty wind
 Seemed to take pity on the prayerful host,
 And moan a melody of grief and woe;
 And then in minor key the faulty song
 Rendered more faulty by the nervous choir,
 Which grew more nervous, as the placid moon,
 Illumined for awhile the nave and aisles
 And cast grim shadows over roof and walls;
 Thus sung the monks all joining fervently:

Deep in sorrow, deep in woe,
 Hear us gracious God of love,
 Sadly all things look below,
 Work our safety from above;
 Pity in this deadly strife,
 Hear us when we cry to Thee,
 Lead and guide and spare our life
 In our dire necessity.
 Oh Almighty power of might,
 Look upon our sorrows now,
 Send a hopeful ray of light,
 Shield us in this hour of woe;
 Listen, listen to our prayer,
 Hear our humble bitter cry,
 Here, and there, and everywhere,
 Scorching teardrops thou canst dry.

Then through the spacious nave, transepts and aisles,
 There went a solemn, loyal loud Amen ;
 And a dead silence reigned throughout the place,
 Like to the midnight hour, when bustling streets
 Seem like plague-stricken passages of death
 All rocked to sleep, from restless anxious cares
 Are laid at rest, then not a sound was heard,
 When all at once a clear and mellow voice,
 Echoed throughout the building—wondering,
 The startled Abbot listened, all amazed.
 The hooded monks disturbed, in nervous plight
 Rose from their stalls, and wonder seized them all,
 Whence came the sound, so musical, and soft,
 'Twas a strange voice, they listened, and were still.

There is a little home,
 Deep in the milky way,
 Where bleeding hearts may come,
 Where bleeding hearts may stay,
 Look, on a starry night,
 When some dear soul on high,
 Peers from that glorious height,
 To talk of by and by.

There is a little home,
 When pilgrims feet are sore,
 A resting place to own,
 In peace for evermore ;
 And there are sunny slopes
 Where weary feet may rest,
 And realize the hopes
 That were in life so blest.

Over misfortune's head,
 Throw now a silken veil ;
 For worldly ills instead
 Let perfect faith prevail ;
 Life is a pleasant dream,
 When all goes smoothly bright ;
 And sparkles like a stream,
 Shot from a mountain height.

But trust not fleshly arm,
 Trust not to axe or spear,
 Ye'll not escape from harm,
 By fence, or fen, or mere,
 The hostile foe with skill,
 Will mow the stubbles down,
 And burn and slay at will
 The dwellers in the town.

Why 'tis a woman's voice the Abbot said,
 How came she here, what subtle warning too,
 The scandal is a grievous thing indeed,
 Inquiry must be made ; are these the days,
 When wisdom only falls from women's lips,
 And all our old traditions set at nought
 By this new revolution of the sex ;—
 Their power o'er men has been a potent spell.
 To work for evil—did not Eve beguile
 The trustful Adam—and shall we forsooth
 Be the meek subjects of a woman's craft ;
 Go round the Abbey, search the cloisters well,
 And try and find this warbler's hiding place,
 And bring her straight before our holy court ;

To tell us how she got so worldly wise—
 No brothers, no,—the Norman foe may come,
 But our good Church will meet him face to face,
 And hold the crucifix before his eyes,
 And dare him at his peril to do wrong.

Scarce had the Abbot spoken, when from far,
 Appeared the songster of the evil tongue,
 Led by two reverend and hooded monks
 And unabashed like to a Queen she stood,
 While the good Abbot rising from his seat,
 Welcomed the maiden in no measured strain,
 And then he said, maiden, to our distress
 We heard the words of your enchanted song,
 And we are anxious that you should divulge
 To us in confidence the shadowy source
 From which such knowledge as you have doth spring,
 'Twas so unwelcome, and we fain would know,
 Some of the perils that be near at hand,
 And take some steps as seemeth to us wise.
 Say do you surely know that Norman power,
 Will overrule, destroy, and set at nought,
 Our holy government, and lay rough hands
 Upon this best and well beloved home—
 We fain would know from whom and by what means
 You've gained such information, if 'tis true
 We bid you say so, these are evil hours,
 The Norman's eel-like slime, we fear indeed,
 For by some stratagem the place might fall,
 And you, we do not doubt would sadly grieve,
 How can the Normans with their heavy steel,
 Cross all the osier swamps and lazy streams,

That hitherto have made our camp secure,
 No, no, unless some traitor in the house
 Should steer them o'er the soft and treacherous ground,
 No cause there seems at present for alarm.
 Speak to us maiden, let us know the worst.
 Oh, my Lord Abbot, I would speak the truth,
 Was it a wrong for me to warn you all?
 'Twas for your safety that I acted thus,
 And if in any way I have transgressed,
 Forgive me even to a thousand times,
 I dreamt a dream, a sad and dreadful dream,
 'Twas in the bright noonday I saw a star,
 Ride on the stormy gale, casting around,
 The fires of wrath, destruction and dismay.
 Oh, 'twas a sad, a dreadful dream, indeed,
 I saw the Norman host would cross the fen,
 Upon an osier bridge; on they all came,
 The men at arms were clad in glittering steel,
 The archers had their long and deadly shafts—
 And the bright star that hovered o'er my head
 Did lead me on across the soaking fen;
 The Saxons fell before the Norman spear,
 And fire, and sword raged round about our hill,
 My Lord, believe me, for I saw the star
 Dip in the sea, and in the raging flood,
 Go down for ever; such is England's fate—
 I saw a crowd, that struggling hard for life,
 Was soon o'ercome, and strangers filled their homes,
 I saw, or thought I saw, a race of men,
 Who for a lengthened period of years
 Would reign o'er Britons, and would wisely guide
 The nation on to glory, power, and wealth,

But yet it was a dream—I woke my Lord
 To feel that even dreams sometimes come true,
 I know full well you'll say poor silly girl.
 To try to frighten us, a foolish dream,
 Deserves no notice ; let it be so then.
 Let's be prepared at any time to fly,
 For 'tis assured that Ely soon must fall,
 Tho' Hereward himself were there to help,
 But 'tis enough, consult among yourselves
 And act with prudence and without delay.

Then said the Abbot, child you may withdraw,
 We ask no questions, your alarming words,
 Merit consideration, go in peace.

Then spoke the Abbot to th' assembled monks,
 The words which we have heard, awaken fears
 And lead me to suspect this woman knows
 More than she told us, and her foolish dream
 Is the thin veil to hide some secret facts,
 That she seems bound at present to conceal ;
 Wisely indeed she spoke ; let not her words,
 Be left for any wave to wash away,
 We'll take with cautious steps some early means
 To ascertain if possible the Normans' plans.
 An then the fathers bowed at Thurstan's words,
 And uttered with one voice a great Amen ;
 Then to their seats, to fervent holy prayer,
 Prayer for their country, for their safety too,
 And then to rest.

In early morning Thurstan tolled the bell,
 To call a council, and the chozen few
 Whom he could trust ; for some he feared were false
 And would the favour of the Normans seek
 And sell the Abbey with its rights and wealth.
 Come all, he said, and give some good advice,
 We hear the Norman host is drawing nigh,
 How shall we act to save ourselves and house
 'Tis time indeed some well considered plan
 Were settled and adopted by us all.

Elfey the elder then arose to speak,
 Let my grey hairs go to the grave in peace,
 For young in years when first I knew this house,
 Under whose sheltering roof my life has passed,
 So many years in peace—may be, perhaps,
 I've not done all the good I might have done,
 And likely evil has engaged my heart,
 And worldly things, at times have had their share.
 I give the dreaming of a poor old man ;—
 Peace would become us best, our calling here
 Is one of peace, and should be of goodwill ;
 Then try and make the conqueror our friend,
 For as our foe we have but little power,
 And to defy him would be rash indeed ;
 Harold is slain and Hereward away,
 And what can we a house of holy men,
 Expect to do against an armèd host,
 Take with you all the relics you possess,
 The enemy would scorn your holy things,
 Would tread you under foot, would burn and slay,
 And cast us on the world to starve and die ;

While you have time, consider well the fate
 That hangs its dreary folds around your necks—
 He ended—and another rose and said,
 'Tis a dark Christmas for us all good Abbot,
 Forgive me if I trespass on your time,
 The views my Brother holds are his alone,
 Why need we sue for peace, the day may come,
 When we must do so, but I would propose,
 To send young Edgar to explore the land,
 For light of foot is he, the treacherous soil
 Will bear his weight, and he can pass along
 Like a swift bird o'er all this fenny ground
 Right on to Soham, they'll give him shelter too,
 There holy men at present dwell secure.
 How long they may be left so, none can tell,
 Then he can wander thro' the wilderness
 That stretches on to Exning, known so well
 As Etheldreda's home—there are some springs
 Miraculous in power to cure disease.
 The holy water has a wondrous name
 And maidens place their offering in the stream,
 Hoping good luck in matrimonial ties.
 Edgar will see the country far ahead,
 And cross the wild and open heath beyond,
 That nest of reptiles, and carniferous birds—
 Which way the Norman host will dare to come
 He may by chance find out—and then return—
 Well spoken, many voices said ; forthwith
 They summoned Edgar, and the Prior spoke,
 We have consulted ; you are fleet of foot,
 As far as Exning go ; we bid you search,
 Hear all you can, by craft and skill, find out

About the Norman host, where they encamp,
 Or do they make for Ely—then return,
 Most quickly, so we have sufficient time
 To make our peace, or leave our well loved home.
 'Tis but a choice of evils, any day
 May bring upon our house a hideous brood—
 Then hasten on your errand, for the night
 Covers your footsteps from the watchful foe,
 Then he arose and all the hooded monks
 Bewildered as they were in dire dismay,
 Looked at each other, doubting, fearing too,
 That there was treachery in their island home—
 Some one there might be who by Norman craft
 Was now engaged to aid the savage foe,
 We heard a warning from that nightingale,
 That woman who had crept in unawares
 And scared us by a dying swanlike song.
 Oh, let's be careful, search the building thro',
 Some wicked spy may yet our shelter claim,
 Just to betray—the songster said, beware!
 And we'll not scorn her warning voice of song,
 For many years of peace and tranquil joys,
 For the bright sunshine, and the fruitful rain
 For all the comforts of our well loved home
 For daily sustenance, for life and health,
 Let us be thankful—go my brothers now,
 And pray most earnestly, and then to sleep,
 And may the peace that passeth understanding
 Rule all your hearts.

DREAM.

OH dream away and flourish,
 Live a little in the clouds,
 Have a happy life and nourish,
 Pretty thoughts that come in crowds ;
 Sit down by the curling river
 Nestling in a bed of flowers,
 Why it asks do mortals shiver,
 Or object to leisure hours,
 Let the busy world go by,
 All intent on power and gain,
 Or on pleasure's wings to fly,
 Seeking what they don't obtain ;
 Dream your life in summer bowers,
 Think not of dear Mother earth,
 Dream away, and let the hours,
 Pass with reasonable mirth ;
 Shut the eyes, and then again,
 Look upon the bright blue sky,
 Feel you not some mental shame
 When you see those worlds on high ;
 'Tis not easy here on earth,
 So to point our thoughts, that we,
 Can above the common path,
 Float in cloudless ecstasy ;
 Time, like water flows apace,
 Through earth's golden fields of light,

Men are often face to face,
 With a wrong, and think it right ;
 Halting on the road from fear,
 Is not always wisely meant,
 Dreams make things so very clear,
 Dream then to thy heart's content ;
 Flowers of fortune grace the way,
 Flowers of speech are welcome too,
 Glowing with the world's display,
 Truth alas, so often due ;
 In the garden rest and think,
 If you cannot rear a dream,
 Sit ye down upon the brink
 Of fancy's lovely creepy stream ;
 There in shade and silence dwell,
 Till some little bird doth speak,
 Listen to that wondrous spell,
 Coming from the tiny beak,
 For the little bird can say,
 Charming things to sooth and please,
 You will love its sweet display
 While half slumbering in the breeze,
 All the sweetness of the flowers,
 All their store of rich perfume,
 Glorious thro' the summer hours,
 Winter steals, perhaps too soon ;
 See the honeysuckle twines
 Round its little friendly neighbour,
 Pouring forth where'er it climbs,
 Charming fascinating vapour,
 Glorious mignonette may greet
 Violets enticing smell,

Jassamine so oversweet,
 Well fills up the fairy spell ;
 Braid the hair if time permits,
 Combat each rebellious curl,
 Peace assured is, while you sit,
 Free from noisy earthly whirl ;
 Dream, oh dream, for hours long,
 Dream of warm responding hearts ;
 Listen to the rapturous song
 Little warblers sing in parts.
 Dream of palaces, and crowns,
 Dream what may your future be,
 Owner of a hundred towns,
 Or endowed with A. B. C.
 Dream then of the flying host
 Scattered far before your eyes,
 Victors too, who vainly boast,
 Skill, when all was mere surprise,
 Hush, there's stillness and repose,
 Waiting like a tardy guest,
 Shall they enter, we'd suppose,
 They'd insure a perfect rest ;
 Dreams may clothe your footsteps here,
 Sometimes shadows may affright,
 Bringing some loved object near
 In the fast retreating light,
 Life itself is like a dream,
 Time slips swiftly on the way,
 All is now, as all has been,
 Call things as you will to-day,
 Brief existence all around,
 Changing as a moonlight scene,

If this truth^h you have not found,
Learn to prize the daily dream,
Resting on the garden seat
All alone, yet not alone,
Some sweet heart perhaps will beat
In soft measures with your own,
Let earth's early love be still,
That which dawned o'er sin and woe
Came to weave with crafty skill,
All the changes mortals know;
Bid all Eden's flowers bloom on,
Much we need their soothing power,
We can dream of Eden won,
Dream of that forthcoming hour.

FAITH.

CANTO I.

FAITH is a maiden some despise,
 And other folks adore,
 But wisdom is not always wise,
 And doubt we all deplore,
 Faith is so good we often hear
 Some say her face is plain,
 Her virtues shine so bright and clear,
 Her goodness all proclaim ;

Stepping forth in spirit dress,
 Comes the little maiden form,
 Rich in nature's loveliness,
 Pure as is the early dawn ;
 Could you love her, oh, 'tis wise,
 See the years in numbers flow,
 Look in her bewitching eyes,
 Do they give a yes, or no,
 Fair and loving gifts of grace,
 Light her steps across the plain,
 Has she yet a corner place,
 Or is all such seeking vain,
 Treasures of a teeming kind,
 If you seek, they often fly,
 Like the little clouds we find,
 Chasing, racing thro' the sky,

In the solemn evening hour,
 How we thirst for gone away,
 Memory holds a wondrous power,
 Over all we do and say,
 Subtle strains of fervent love,
 Fill the lofty mountain air,
 And sweet echoes from above,
 Speak of peaceful regions there,
 In the verdant plains below,
 Where sweet peace might ever reign,
 Trials gather, and we know,
 Faith may struggle on in vain,
 Lost indeed she seemed to be,
 In the sultry day of dreams ;
 Like the tiny life we see,
 Sporting in the glittering beams ;
 What is life?—important man,
 Haunted by some settled craze,
 Rushes onward and his plan,
 Troubles and disquiet raise,
 Brightly dawns a coming day,
 Happy omen all can tell,
 Winds to carry cares away,
 Into some sequestered dell,
 Tell us Lady, bright and fair,
 What brings hope to me and you,
 Is the searching question rare,
 In your often changing view ;
 Looking upward as we parted,
 From this day dream, she alone,
 Could restore the drooping hearted,
 By the sunlight of her own ;

Lady fear not, fickle seasons
 Bring sometimes a goodly prize ;
 Eyes can give conclusive reasons,
 You'll not be a sacrifice.
 Why not draw a lot for peace,
 Weather good, and climate fine,
 Will not every pleasure cease,
 As the racing hours decline,
 Sleep—a peaceful sleep for all,
 Hovers hawk-like far and near,
 Round the cottage and the hall,
 Till the morning rays appear ;
 Kiss the lips and fly away,
 Is not honest work at all
 Love was born some distant day,
 At a faithful lover's call ;
 Take a lantern if its dark ;
 And a friend to guide you on,
 You must watch the tiny spark,
 Lest it lead the pilgrim wrong,
 If you see not, who's to blame,
 Light there is, whate'er you say,
 If in darkness you remain,
 Blush, and hurry on your way ;
 Angel hands are always ready,
 Helping through the mazy lanes,
 And the failing knees they steady,
 Travelling on to heavenly plains ;
 Yes, they lend a hand to guide,
 Tho' unseen by mortal eye,
 They are ever by the side,
 When the humble suppliants cry ;

Our forefathers in their day,
Had some pinching trials here,
We inherit much, and say,
Some have joy, and some have tear,
Penalties will sometimes fall.
On the innocent of crime,
And we grieve awhile for all,
As they did in olden time ;
Hearts are often sad and lonely,
Looking for some brighter day,
Changes come, perhaps they're only.
Shadows crossing on the way.

CANTO II.

THE hopes that once we valued much,
 Have faded as we went along ;
 They seemed to vanish at a touch,
 And died away, as distant song ;
 They like the little flowers that bloom
 To grace and beautify the land,
 We pluck, from off the parent home,
 To fade and perish in the hand ;
 Life full of changes day by day,
 Gave things we thought we could retain,
 They go in some mysterious way,
 And come but seldom back again,
 We hail the friend, who after years
 Comes back our withered love to win,
 And when so different he appears,
 With much surprise we gaze at him,
 Life with its quickly shifting scenes
 Tones down the colours with old time,
 And heedeth not the hours, between
 The early years of youth to prime,
 We hope some day we may regain
 Thoughts that have gilded many a day,
 The thinking often brings a pain,
 To find sweet thoughts will drift away,

But these alas, too often prove,
 Will of the wisps to lure us on,
 And we, tho' full of faith and love,
 Find that our precious dreams are gone ;
 The hills of heaven are always near,
 And shadow earth from ills and woe,
 And spread like mists upon a mere,
 To hide the things we should not know,
 But heavens bright rays will soon impart,
 A precious, warm and cheering glow,
 When glorious hopes again will start,
 Like arrows from a bended bow ;
 How often love doth rule the way,
 And strew the path with many a gem,
 And make all bright, day after day,
 Dawn for mankind a joy for them ;
 Fate so securely blinds the eyes,
 Of human nature's fretful child,
 That tho' we gaze up to the skies,
 Our thoughts are often strangely wild,
 How many pleasures can we see
 In distance far, and think them near ;
 How welcome passing joys can be,
 Tho' the gay heralds of a tear ;
 The world with hearts plays many tricks,
 It runs not in an easy grove,
 But twists and turns about, and kicks,
 The favoured few, it once had loved,
 How, or from whence the changes come,
 We scarcely know, and fail to dream ;
 But flowers bloom and rivers run,
 On, ever on, in peace serene ;

Would it be well to wander through
All space in quest of some bright sphere,
That glitters in the heavenly blue,
And almost says to us, "come here";
Beautiful orbs, how hard to choose,
A home for weary restless men;
Who view from far those gems and lose
Their very selves, while seeing them.

CANTO III.

WHO'LL stay old Time, oh never fear,
 He plants his foot where'er he pleases ;
 Be cautious for he'll soon be here,
 Wafted along on biting breezes.

And thus it was long years ago,
 When men were young, with little thought
 Of future days, nor cared to know,
 But lived content with what they brought.

A song may tempt you to display,
 A scorn for every kind of labour ;
 Or you may sleep by night or day,
 And think, neglect, a charming neighbour.

It was not always thus we know,
 The world began in sunny weather,
 Men looked for some sweet face below,
 That they may pace the earth together.

Care not to hear the luscious song,
 Howe'er enticing be its measure,
 Its flowers are poisonous growing strong
 Among the weeds of idle pleasure.

In early life we laughed and sung,
Without a thought about the morrow,
Our daily task was left undone,
Which often brought a pang or sorrow,

The many things we had to do,
But those at morning's early call,
Were often left undone 'tis true,
For pleasure was our all in all.

Few disapproved, and not a sound,
There was indeed a tiny voice ;
Some said 'twas conscience, and we found,
It troubled much by latent force.

Come say a word, and do a deed,
That brings some honour as its fate,
And let's be stirring for we need,
No longer linger at the gate.

It was a jovial time, those years
Of early life, and harmless pleasure,
We always hoped 'twould last, but fears
Stalked round about in ghastly measure.

Oh, open wide that creaking door,
Where pleasure riots all night long,
And if you've not been there before ;
Wait not to hear the Siren's song.

For time will shut that door again,
The whitened head and bended form,
Tells many tales of grief, and pain,
Of sleepless nights, and days forlorn.

A sturdy arm is not so rare,
 Nor tongues that speak all pleasant things,
 And yet how uniformly fair,
 The pleasant sense of peace it brings ;

Oh, 'tis a joy, when joys are few,
 To hear a voice, and feel an arm,
 On which to rest our sorrows too,
 And find a heart, for ever warm.

Here in this world of polished ease,
 Politeness gives a genial smile,
 Always unwilling to displease,
 But cold and formal all the while.

Oh dreams—well dreams are soon forgot,
 The vivid pictures fade in haste,
 We hope they may remain—why not ?
 They are so welcome to our taste.

For human nature in a way,
 Dreams on and lets the world go by,
 The fancy products of the day
 Are dear to all—too soon to die.

But dream away sweet souls in peace,
 Enjoy the early morning light,
 Lock fast the door, and never cease
 To keep life's mirror always bright.

They come no more, they pass away,
 Forgotten and for ever lost,
 They seem like gems upon the way,
 And leave us quickly to our cost.

Some dreams appear so full and fair,
Some take a hideous form and shape,
Some seem a ghostly form of air,
And gladly from such foes we wake.

But may sweet visions never fail,
To make earth's pathway shine and bright
Oh let such mysteries long prevail,
To clothe our days with dreamy light.

CANTO IV.

THE gifts of Heaven to restless men,
Bright as the daisies on the lawn,
Lose their first fragrant power—just when
Poor human nature feels forlorn.

We need a hand to lead us on,
To brighter thoughts and better ways,
We see a prize that should be won,
But life has not sufficient days.

For far away, in deep set blue,
Luxurious flowers, for ever grow,
They fade not, but are fresh and new,
And with a heavenly beauty glow.

True they exist a long way off,
They flourish in a calm repose,
They come not, but with care are sought,
For man dreams much, but little knows.

CANTO V.

OH brighter thoughts, and brighter ways,
 Will make a gloomy world to glow,
 As soft kind words will always raise,
 The faint and drooping heart of woe.

Could we but take the grander view,
 Of what man's duties really are,
 We might displease some soul 'tis true,
 That lingers still at duty's bar.

Faith's little fingers at the door,
 Still hesitates to lift the latch,
 Tears flow so fast, and more and more,
 For doubtful hearts, she fails to catch.

She, like so many on the brink,
 Trembles and lets sad fears prevail,
 For spirits downward creep and sink,
 When cries for help do not avail.

Endeavours have such slimy skins,
 And often lead to dire temptation,
 And make excuse for many things,
 That have an awkward reputation.

Hide not away the sparkling thought,
 That sprinkles life with blossoms fair,
 Such gems are neither sold or bought,
 But priceless as they ever were.

Sweet spots there be on earth's bright face,
 Spoiled often by the human hand,
 They shine as beauteous stars in space,
 And well adorn the smiling land.

Oh happy fate, that dawned and blest,
 Life with such glories on the way ;
 And well prepared refreshing rest,
 For earnest toilers of the day.

Time hurries on man's changeful life,
 By days and months and rolling years ;
 Full as they are of cares and strife,
 Of fleeting joys, and hopes and fears.

Go ask for rest—what earthly rest !
 Cessation from a daily toil,
 Could we by any mere request,
 Reverse the verdict of the fall.

And if we could, the rest would be
 A burden sad on life and brain,
 And man would long again to see
 The blessed links of labour's chain.

HOPES.

HOPES that have faded, like the flowers to-day,
 Had rainbow colours in the early hours,
 Like other things of time they passed away,
 With their bewitching powers.

See the bright ivy that will always cling,
 To favoured niches in the ruined wall,
 Hear the sweet bird of promise that will sing
 A better time for all.

List to the happy from their bowers springing
 With the fresh songs of purity and love,
 And the sweet music of the warblers singing,
 Up in the clouds above.

Beauty itself with loving eyes may fail,
 Beneath the influence of some wilful power,
 To satisfy onlookers and prevail,
 For one short fleeting hour.

For other scenes lift up the folden curtain,
 For other times, and other thoughts, are nigh,
 Like nightly dreams, with issues all uncertain
 As an unconscious sigh.

Some griefs may cluster round each mortal pleasure,
 To cast the spirit low upon the earth,
 But stay—the mind rebels,—and time's sweet measure
 Fills all with joy and mirth ;

No art that sage philosophy devises,
 Nor even thought that ranges far and wide,
 Can ever stay the chequered lot that rises,
 Strong as a flowing tide ;

E'en tho' the hours of mortal men are numbered,
 Great expectation is a constant guest,
 For even hope, that for an hour has slumbered,
 Finds little time for rest.

The bells of gladness are for ever ringing,
 Close to the scenes of sadness here below,
 And careless are their voices ever flinging
 Joys on the lap of woe.

And pity with her eyes in tears, is bending
 Over the forms thrown luckless on the shore,
 Useless was human aid, with arms extending,
 All gone for evermore ;

All thro' life's valley runs a gushing streamlet,
 Hope feathers kindly all that men require,
 And the young hearts indulge in many a dreamlet,
 And coveted desire.

But oh how fatal,—life is so illusive,
 The standard pleasures mocking one another,
 We talk of peace, but talk is so delusive,
 With one another ;

Something there is to chasten every pleasure,
 It comes like blight upon a field of corn,
 Silently too it works measure for measure
 All through the early dawn.

The little child sees a whole world of wonders,
 In every passing scene, and gliding hour,
 And fails to recognize in rolling thunders,
 Any gigantic power.

Danger it scarcely knows, by chance its course,
 Lies where it hears the sound of pleasure's tongue,
 And all the daily dreams have double force,
 When by a fairy hand the harp is strung.

The little stream that wanders in the valley,
 Forces its passage onward to the sea,
 But its pure waters on their journey tarry,
 Courting the pebbles dreamily.

And weary pilgrims yield to soft repose,
 Nor heed the footsteps of insidious time,
 Sleep with its well closed portals seldom knows
 The ever warning chime.

Some shadows cross the pathway and are blest
 To travellers footsteps as they plod along,
 Brief shades they are to those that seek for rest,
 Weary and sad but strong.

But disappointment oft with time conspires,
 To wrest away the things on which we dote,
 And make in fact our coveted desires
 Far distant and remote.

Want often lingers at the garden gate,
 To seek a pittance in the name of love,
 And plenty gives from out his luckier fate
 Showered from above.

And if the generous heart too oft be prest,
 Make some allowance for the passer by,
 Turn not away in haste, for you are blest,
 Well with a true goodbye.

Oh lighten hearts life's pathway all along,
 Brighten the fate of busy workers here,
 At times pour forth a sympathetic song,
 At times a parting tear.

Bright scenes are ever gilding page on page,
 Of life's great journey book, until the end,
 We wait, and wait, at length comes on old age
 Is it a foe or friend ?

A word of comfort oft in deepest sorrow
 Is needed much as tears unbidden flow,
 When even hope will fail to see the morrow
 Bereft of passing woe.

Stand at the gate and see the merry faces
 Bent upon pleasure in their best attire,
 Bidding old care to hide his sour grimaces
 And silently retire.

Across the desert, in the scorching sun,
 The pilgrim's strength is often loath to stay,
 He hopes the slanting shadows soon will come,
 And cross his weary way.

Ah, how he fails—as fail so often here,
The best intentions, and the willing hand,
To gain the object that is held so dear,
Throughout the land.

Look into space, and see the marvels there,
The sure precision of the moving spheres,
And wonder at the wisdom and the care
That wisely made all these.

The little earth moves speedily through space,
And keeps so faithfully its trackless plan,
No erring for a moment, no displace,
And what does mortal man.

Does he e'er dream that chance created these
Great mighty orbs, that roll in space away,
And in their rapid progress never cease
To faithfully obey.

Ah, there's a mighty hand that guideth all,
Trust it, ye little sons of earth and rest ;
On that all gracious power when sorrows fall,
And so you may be blest.

GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden age is seldom won,
It lives on sobs and sighs,
While on the many pleasures gone,
We look with wistful eyes ;
In childhood some would fix its date,
And some in early teens,
While some the glorious age would state,
To come in youthful dreams,
But others plant it far away,
In manhood's early dawn,
And there they confidently say,
The golden age was born ;
Oh, can we realize the scenes
That gilded youthful hours
With those bewitching daily dreams
And sweet seductive powers,
For vivid thoughts and active brain
Robed all around in light,
And joys we never could obtain
Seemed always near in sight,
The daily hours would glide away,
With soft unwonted speed,
And we could ponder, night and day,
O'er many a hopeful need,
The strife of words is sometimes heard
Within the gates of peace,
As waters splashing and disturbed
Strive wildly for release ;

The golden age has passed away,
 With far too short a reign,
 Clothed as it was in bright array,
 Mere emptiness, and name,
 And all the rainbow's matchless tints,
 That deck the beauteous sky,
 Are charming and suggestive hints,
 Of measures framed to die ;
 The sun may burn us all the day,
 The moon bewitch at night,
 Folly will always have its sway
 Tho' hearts be sound and right,
 Soft rain will fall in sparkling drops,
 When earth is parched and dry,
 When harvest smiles with mighty crops,
 A golden age is nigh ;
 An erring soul will hide its face,
 Beneath thick folds of shame,
 And fear the justly earned disgrace,
 That kindred spirits gain ;
 Break through those rusty rules of life,
 Those heavy galling chains
 That so oppress—and gender strife
 With penalties and pains ;
 A golden age will never dawn
 Where tyrannies prevail,
 Freedom must sigh and sit forlorn,
 And all her woes bewail ;
 But hark the wedding bells do ring
 Bliss and joy and laughter ;
 Oh let them ring, but never bring
 Some sad reflections after.

We often see dark times ahead,
A golden age behind ;
Look onward, ever blindly led,
To see, to seek, to find,
For oft the rich, the golden age,
In hazy distance fades,
And leaves a blank unwritten page,
For mortals eager gaze,
Some beauteous spots are often sought
To gratify the eye,
But they're like shadows of a thought,
Compared with by and by ;
We know we have a wondrous power,
To conjure up at will,
Some brilliant hopes that in an hour,
Will rest for ever still ;
“Forget,” that word is always nigh,
Young love will answer no,
When eyes are beaming soft, and shy,
On doubtful hearts below ;
Hang up the harp upon the nearest tree,
Its chords are out of place,
For disappointment we may see,
In many a passing face ;
Shrinking from public gaze I stood,
And watched the crowd go by,
Smile upon smile, frown upon frown,
And many an anxious eye ;
Oh, is the world so cold and chill,
That hearts are freezing too,
Or hesitation won't fulfil,
Some works quite overdue ;

The fountain spring of early hope,
Will never more be dry,
And humble lips will still invoke,
The power of help on high ;
And so that precious gift to man,
Thro' many a stormy day,
Will land him with concerted plan,
Across each slippery way ;
'Twill close the door on grief and woe,
On fear destroying sleep,
And bring about we know not how,
A speedy strong relief ;
Is this a golden age forsooth,
Or are we iron shod,
Does flattery blind the eyes of truth,
At folly's eager nod ;
May be, an age with gilded wings,
Will dawn upon our eyes,
And glimpses of some better things,
Will in good time arise ;
Go up the happy vale and see,
The brilliant tints that glow,
On every side, on hill and tree
And all things there below ;
But mysteries for ever rule,
Nature's good laws and ways,
We are but children in the school,
Of months, and weeks, and days ;
Have you the heart, or have you none,
To hide from passers by,
The whole vast truths, that smoothly run,
Before the ear and eye,

We need not sorrow for the joys,
That from our side have crept,
Tho' all our daily lifes' employs,
Will whisper "don't forget."

I LAID ME DOWN.

I LAID me down to rest awhile,
 As the people went on their way,
 Some with a tear, some with a smile,
 As each would be spending the day ;
 Life is a fairy tale at best,
 And it often changes its hue,
 A moment all is peace and rest,
 And the next brings a storm in view,
 When fortunes come from others' spoil,
 Then adieu to the best desires,
 That dawn to bless the sons of toil,
 With a patience that seldom tires ;
 Where is the land of fruit and flowers,
 Of running waters, clear and still,
 That circle round the peaceful bowers,
 In love's own garden o'er the hill,
 Go gently, live this life—your aim,
 To breathe the air of love and peace,
 May all bright thoughts of earth sustain
 Thy footsteps till life's wanderings cease.
 Have glorious views of fading things,
 Holy delights by angels shed,
 Then balmy sleep will fold its wings,
 Nightly about the welcome bed,
 And all that's best for man in time,
 Since shut away from Eden's gates,
 Will round about his pathway shine

To cheer and bless him if he waits,
 Where is the all defying power,
 Of troubles, woes, and ills that kill,
 That saps the health from hour to hour
 Of strength, of life, desire, and will.
 Pilgrims that plod with hopeful feet,
 Press on their way in spite of all,
 And with the hindrances they meet,
 Battle like men at trumpet call.

We rest on present times, and stay,
 For turning tides until they come,
 Or winds to blow the dust away,
 That has been troublesome so long ;
 We dream of things we fail to see,
 They come not forth to eye or ear,
 But flit like birds from tree to tree,
 And vanish when we think them near ;
 And yet the mystery of a dream,
 Is one we love to cherish well,
 It is not real, but 'tis a gleam,
 Of something, and a potent spell,
 A spell that may be nothing—yet ;
 A something mortals love and like,
 And what we often half forget,
 In shadowy shapes is brought to light.

A sweet soft voice, we once knew well,
 Will haunt our ears for many a day,
 And friendly grasping hands will tell,
 A thrilling tale of gone away,
 As we grow old, our troublous woes,

Grow more, or else appear to grow ;
 Or weak old age makes more of those,
 That were as nothing years ago ;
 The faltering step, the stooping gait,
 Are certain signs of man's decline,
 And such proclaim to small and great,
 The crushing work and touch of time.

Go back unto the world, to those,
 Greedy of pleasure, or of gain,
 Who seek awhile to heal their woes,
 And may perhaps some peace obtain ;
 Or cast yourself if such your taste,
 Upon some foolish venture nigh ;
 And then when field, and house lie waste,
 Give vent to anger's hapless cry ;
 No folly is too great for some,
 Who pride themselves as worldly wise ;
 And look upon the crowds that come,
 As something they may well despise ;
 Some reap the follies of the day,
 And run with those who reckless run,
 And to a watching world display,
 A love of miserable fun ;
 Go with the thoughtless ones, and taste
 Forbidden fruit, if such your will,
 Morning and afternoon lie waste,
 While you slide gently down the hill,
 Go with the foolish ones, and seek,
 At folly's gate, a due reward,
 And gratify a fond conceit,
 With all the greed you can afford.

Look down on simple passers by,
 Who see themselves in mirrors bright,
 Mirrors that will no truth deny,
 And bring each ugly spot to light,
 But truth is not a welcome boon,
 To votaries at fashion's shrine,
 It speaks too plainly, or too soon,
 And warns the world against design.

Oh think not good, can e'er be lost,
 'Tis planted o'er and o'er again,
 And tended too at mighty cost,
 While sunshine glitters on the plain,
 If you look o'er thy neighbour's wall,
 And watch, why don't tell what you see,
 Some folly by mischance may call,
 Your friendship to leave folly free,
 Who is my neighbour, need you ask,
 For that was settled years ago ;
 'Tis not so difficult a task,
 That poor mankind can fail to know.

The armour is hung up to-day,
 Rusty, and out of date, its gone,
 It may be well to cast away,
 What once a noble struggle won ;
 A victory at a distant time,
 Assured to all, a house, and home,
 A hard fought fight we may opine,
 To give us what we call our own.

How often in some stranger garb,
A spirit takes us by surprise ;
When not to listen would be hard,
If backed by wisdom's words, and eyes,
For 'tis not right to cast away,
The blessings that are hardly won,
Nor to imperil for a day,
The lesser joys by chance that come ;
Time is for ever giving here,
A warning as a leading light,
And bids the pilgrim never fear,
But only think, and walk aright ;
Some men are born with golden chains,
Others come forth in rough attire,
Some enter life with many claims,
And some to none at all aspire ;
But think you that a great hereafter,
Will recognise such things as these,
Why half the world would die of laughter,
If men would swear it on their knees ;
The changes of a single moon,
Will oft embrace a tale on tale,
And thick impenetrable gloom,
Makes e'en the stoutest heart to fail ;
There are no footprints on the sand,
To guide or to direct the crowds,
That struggle on, a noisy band
Seeking a something in the clouds,
A something that is hard to find,
A something that can have no place,
A void—that flees away—a wind,
That hurries past, and leaves no trace.

Come look beyond those fleecy clouds,
That hide so often gem on gem,
And by their very nature shroud,
The starry worlds, from peering men,
We see how small all things are here,
Aloft—how infinitely great—
They speak aloud to mortal ear,
“In patience live, and learn, and wait.”

LITTLE HEART.

LITTLE hearts of human mould,
 Wander oft, but none knows where,
 Drift like seaweed, wet and cold,
 On the rocks, just here and there.

Watchful powers, round and round,
 Call, and call, and call again ;
 Some will hear, but some are bound,
 Bound as with an iron chain.

Earnest hopes that live and breathe,
 Lead the spirit life astray ;
 Restless hearts so oft deceive,
 Fond endeavours every day.

Little heart—oh fickle heart,
 Never wander at your will,
 'Tis not wise from home to part,
 Shun all evil, court no ill.

Hopes that linger, breaking heart,
 With their slow deceitful tread,
 Woes and sorrows will impart,
 To a waiting weary head.

Little hearts will always break,
 Break, and break, and mend again ;
 Break sweet little heart, and make,
 Light of all the woe and pain.

One in sorrow's dress arrayed,
Straggling hair and streaming eyes,
Woe begotten shunning aid,
Risking peace and joy, unwise.

Silly heart break if you will,
Sit upon the cold hard stones,
All around will go on still,
While you chill your very bones.

Bleeding, faithless, fainting heart,
Perish not by fire and flame,
Tho' you dread each little smart,
Rise to all life's calls again.

Wounded heart, so sad and low,
May you find a refuge near,
Living streams will cease to flow,
Ere man's troubles disappear.

Discontent in sorrow clad,
Shrinking from a lot his own,
Nothing in the world so bad,
Go thou coward back to home.

Bleeding heart with healing power,
Bleeding for another's grief,
Welcome as a summer shower,
On a parched and thirsty leaf.

Break not heart, for all is plain,
Time's great wheel will crush you soon,
Then will tears be shed in vain,
If they flow unchecked till doom.

THINK.

THINK more than once before you take
 Strong goes of whiskey toddy,
 Think how you'll feel when you awake
 All stupid, dull, and groggy,
 And call it pleasure if you please,
 And care not for tomorrow,
 And sit and swallow at your ease
 To bring ill health and sorrow.

It matters not some people think,
 Whate'er may come is handy,
 As long as 'tis a good strong drink,
 Of whiskey, gin, or brandy ;
 But you'll repent, perhaps too late,
 Of such egregious folly,
 For all the littles that you take,
 Will someday make you sorry.

'Tis sure enough that aches and pain,
 Will give a warning touch,
 So if you cannot quite abstain,
 Oh don't drink over much,
 But if you do, don't say 'tis wise,
 To none your folly tell,
 Don't be a fool in others' eyes,
 And in your own as well.

UNDER THE SHADY TREES.

UNDER the shady trees, in youthful days
We used to play,—and through the summer months
No day was long enough—for all our thoughts
Were bounded by the swiftly fleeting hours ;
And in the early mornings ere the sun,
Had scattered far and wide the pearly dew,
We woke from sleep, and hastened to the fields,
Scenting with joy the pure and fragrant air ;
We felt the pleasure early life imparts ;
And how in after years, those days shone bright,
When the world came in all its gay attire,
Claimed our attention, and in subtle ways,
Forced itself upon us, not against our will ;
Perhaps we saw in a well laden hand,
Things that we coveted,—alas how soon
The hand was closed ; so early life was saved
Against an erring step,—’twas human like
To look on questionable pleasures then,
And fall away beneath voluptuous smiles ;
Harmless we counted them in early days,
Nor saw the serpent nestling in the grass ;
With greater care, and gentleness, of thought,
How oft life’s treasures would be doubly ours ;
And Eden’s peace secured,—some jealousy
Rears up its head, to spoil, and to distress ;
And the fond visions of the future age,
Fade as a daybreak dream.

Under the shady trees when life's best days,
 Are flowing fast away ; to lie and think,
 And listen to the voices of the woods,
 And the soft cooing of the amorous doves,
 The hum of bees, the joyful song of birds,
 The bleat of sheep, the distant bark of dog,
 And children's voices far and weak and soft
 Mingling sweet music with the insect life.
 Then lie, and think, and so review in peace
 The numerous perils that beset life's way,
 All the escapes from many ills and woes,
 And the good fortune that bedecked our path.

To sleep, and wake again, and lie and think,
 Of joys and sorrows that along the road,
 Made life their sport, the disappointments too
 That often crossed our path—the hilly climb,
 Or downward road, that brought us joy or tears,
 And dream, until forgetfulness ensue ;
 And passing hours are swallowed up and gone.

Under the shady trees, when evening's gloom,
 Stealthily creeps across the sea and land,
 Our toiling race desires the peaceful hour,
 And the gay world's esteem is lightly held,—
 To weary souls it seems but out of place,—
 When the departing daylight slowly fades,
 Bidding the earth a lustrous bright farewell,
 Nature seeks then her well deserved repose.

Come watch the fading light and beaming stars,
 And in the evening hour put far away,
 All cares, and troubles, and with folded arms
 Flee from the vexing strife of constant work,
 And gratify man's wishes, or his wants,
 And dream of other worlds of life and light.

Under the shady trees, of peaceful eve,
 Spin out the fading hours of day and thought,
 If equal to the task ; for stern old age
 Crosses in all his feebleness the path ;
 Yet with a tender hand, and kindly touch,
 He trims the whitened locks with summer flowers,
 Of true benevolence, and ripened age.
 Now he relates to listening friends his life,
 Stamped on the memory of a long long past,
 And speaks of early pleasures, and of dreams,
 That helped to burn away some precious hours,
 Deemed then of no importance, such is life,
 Which hangs so heavily on some—alas,
 An undervalued gift.

Under the trees the long hushed voices speak
 From earth's great sepulchre, and words of love
 Are wafted as it were from other worlds,
 Laden with memories of the fading past,
 Watch now the setting sun, how bright and clear,
 The evening hours so gorgeously arrayed
 To greet with joyful tints the night's advance ;
 Oh, could some sons of men, down in the shade
 See a bright future through their cares and woe ;
 How patiently they'd bear their lot, and wait.

In the still silence of the starry night,
Faint forms are gliding whither none can tell,
They raise strange thoughts, and o'er the future hours
Have a significance, for good or ill.

Under the shady trees, with life well spent,
When all man's boasted powers are failing fast,
For a brief time, he settles down to rest.
Under the precious tree of hope, and faith,
That spreading tree, that shadows all the world.

LOVE.

LADEN with sweetest smiles, from Heaven came Love,
 Brought by an Angel's hand for mortals here,
 A great and glorious blessing from above,
 To cheer man's footsteps thro' his life's career,
 At times disguised, when many a silvery word
 Falls from a sweet, and half deceiving tongue,
 The gilded speech, that selfish hope has stirred,
 What has it done ! what has it left undone !
 Is there a day of reckoning, love's sweet voice,
 Seeks not for vengeance for a trifling wrong
 But triumphs in forgiveness, blessed choice
 And gains a victory with a honied tongue,
 Oh love that in so many, many ways,
 Has shed sweet blessings on all creatures here,
 Why need wrong interpose, and blessed days,
 Be short, as oft to aged folk appear,
 Why should the lack of sympathy expel
 The fragrant essence of a noble gift,
 That heavenly mercy hath provided well,
 To save and keep what might be turned adrift ;
 Sit in the shady ever fragrant grove,
 And think, if from the world's incessant care
 You have the time, and let the fancy rove,
 Over the fate that some are doomed to share,
 Picture the hate, the vice, the many woes
 That love can hide away from anxious eyes,
 As when some thoughtless words will interpose
 And raise a fretful temper in surprise,
 Oh, who can fail to estimate the power
 That love could exercise o'er old and young

And wait with silent lips hour after hour,
 To catch a soothing word too long unsung !
 Faintly, but very faintly we perceive,
 The healing influence that rules so far,
 And at a distance follow, and believe,
 The sweet persuasion of love's leading star.
 A model household hides its face for shame,
 Nor would bear witness to deceitful ways,
 That lead to sorrow, oft they would restrain
 An erring step, that darkens early days,
 Oh, holy love, that thro' life's chequered scenes
 Abideth always, faithful, steadfast, true ;
 What would mortality with all its dreams,
 Be with the weary ; were it not for you ;
 Devoted love that e'er in weal or woe,
 Can stand in silent watching near a bed,
 And thro' long hours a comforting bestow,
 And smooth the pillow for a restless head ;
 Ah, we forget these things, the whirling streams,
 Of busy life run on so fast and free,
 And carry for a time so many dreams,
 That slip away like sand prints near the sea.
 We know some truths are hidden from our eyes
 Or if not quite ; our search is oft in vain,
 We look for perfect rest—and in disguise
 It comes at call, arrayed in ills and pain,
 And every good resolve, with blinded sight,
 Looks promising to gild a future day,
 While love upon the truthful wings of light
 Hastens to drive all gloomy doubts away,
 Ah love thou art a blessing ; some may smile,
 To see thy works, or hear thy soothing tongue,

And some may think it folly all the while,
 To cherish gifts that are not fully won ;
 The gentle teaching that in early years,
 Seems a stern force at which we might rebel ;
 Oh if it brought at times repenting tears,
 We feel, in after years its power was well ;
 In our young twilight how we scorned the hand,
 Stretched out in love to weave a restful fate,
 We seemed to hunger for some far off land,
 In the fierce ravings of a wilful state.

Yes faithful love, in spite of many fears,
 Doth still devotedly pursue its way,
 And tho' the couch be sometimes wet with tears,
 Holds a consistent course day after day,
 The hand that gently guides ; the still small voice,
 Is often looked upon with stiff dismay,
 And men receive the value of their choice,
 Nor count the doubtful promise of delay ;
 Ah is it thus above ? a future life
 Opens to every soul an age of bliss ;
 And after all the worldly wear and strife,
 Confirms the promise shadowed forth in this.

IS IT WELL?

IS it well, when the world smiles upon us,
 To indulge in a foolish conceit,
 Or heed any words that may wrong us,
 Or rebuffs that we sometimes may meet.

Is it well when this little world's glory,
 On life's journey casts its bright rays ;
 To believe that each well flavoured story,
 Is a tribute, deserved by our ways.

Some labour with eyes that are blinded,
 With brains softened down with applause,
 And exist, and live on simple minded,
 In the goodness, and right of their cause.

Forbid all the glory that cometh,
 Like a snowstorm in early springtide
 Till it veils all around and above it,
 And makes the shy violet to hide.

With caution receive all the smiles,
 That come as a shower in the spring,
 And value them justly betimes,
 With the question—is this the right thing ?

THE STAR.

LOOK out, and see the stars that shine
 Around with varied powers,
 For some poor mortals long and pine
 For other homes than ours,
 And when they see a fairy star,
 Shine in the liquid blue,
 Might think it pleasant living there,
 With just a favoured few.

'Twould be a dismal life we think,
 To dwell up there alone,
 To meet no other eyes, and shrink
 From words that were our own,
 This world has many charms, and love,
 Hope, joy, and sparkling eyes,
 Rival the brilliant orbs, above,
 Set in the dark blue skies.

We know full well that every day,
 Men have their hopes and fears,
 And some might wish to flee away,
 Up to those shining spheres,
 But numbers here are well content,
 Surrounded tho' they be,
 With many drawbacks and beset,
 With real anxiety.

But talking of a star it might
Tempt someone full of gold,
To make a journey some fair night,
If stars could be but sold,
Some wealthy man might be a king
And like a starry home,
For 'twould be quite the proper thing
A whole bright star to own.

There would be many pleasures there,
'Tis scarcely worth a doubt,
Unlike the very old things here,
If we could find them out,
And weariness would not prevail,
At least while all was new,
So someone better go a sail
Just while a star's on view.

Wanted, a gifted auctioneer,
To sell a grand estate,
Up in a star, not far from here,
Titles are all first rate ;
Fishing and shooting through the year,
If hunting, you must bring
The dogs, for in that glowing sphere,
Are not thought quite the thing.

And as for rest, a heavenly rest,
You'd sleep upon a wave,
And slide on air supremely blest,
And thus a motor save ;
Oh can't we tempt you now to buy,
A whole bright beaming star ;
Where you could live alone and fly,
No one can say how far.

Oh little bird that singeth sweet,
Why would you higher fly,
The nest you have is warm and neat,
Your neighbours kind and nigh ;
Why not content and live at ease,
Nor wish to go so far ;
Dwell where you are, in love and peace,
Don't buy a shining star.

TELL IT NOT.

TELL it not that days are fading,
 Like the little summer flowers,
 They are restful seasons aiding,
 In restoring all the powers.
 Brightly glow the hues of evening,
 Brightly shines the dawn of day,
 Luscious tints are often beaming,
 As the sunlight fades away,
 Clouds of beauty ever weaving
 Round about life's parting step,
 Opening now, then half concealing
 Loveliness that few forget ;
 Tell it not that days are fading
 While so many friends are nigh,
 Let no silly fear prevailing,
 Draw a teardrop, or a sigh,
 Memory oft will rise and startle,
 In the evening's shadowy hour,
 With some words that glow and sparkle
 With a soothing healing power.
 Tell it not that days are fading,
 As we grow to manhood's prime,
 Tell it not that days are fading,
 If our health and strength decline ;
 Think not of the snowy winter,
 While the tints of autumn glow,
 Nor the sorrowing notes that linger,
 E'er the summer glories go.

See the placid lake at rest,
 Bright reflections, ne'er obscure,
 Let heart musings of the best,
 Be as tranquil, and as pure,
 Watch the changeful lights that play,
 Gambols on the mountain's side,
 Pensively at close of day,
 Rest and see the shadows glide,
 Fading, fading, all is fading,
 In this world of day and night,
 Nature over all prevailing,
 With a full and regal might ;
 Maiden spring, with nimble feet,
 Comes with cheerful laughing eye,
 Lips with promises so sweet,
 Of the harvests by and by ;
 Tell us not that days are fading,
 Fade they must, and dawn again,
 Every good that time is framing,
 Men should struggle to sustain,
 Fading, fading are the flowers,
 Fading are all things below,
 Fading are all mortal powers,
 Seeking things they cannot know,
 On the glowing hill so near,
 Lingers long the parting ray,
 On the plain that sleepeth here,
 Creeps the night bird on his way,
 And the long processions glide,
 Down the valley in the gloom,
 Leaving busy crowds to slide
 From earth's neatly furnished room.

WHILE THE BLOOM.

WHILST the bloom is on the cheek,
 Whilst the sparkle in the eye,
Whilst the many joys we greet,
 Messages from time draw nigh.

Take a stand point in the clouds,
 Watch this little spot of earth,
Listen to the happy crowds,
 And the joyful song of mirth.

But remember close at hand,
 Woe and evil and despair,
Linked together in a band,
 Make dark corners everywhere.

Is there only one soft voice,
 Spoken thro' this earth of our's,
Is there not abundant choice
 In the sweet seductive flowers.

Take the best that blooms alone,
 Yearning sadly, year by year,
Sighing for some distant home,
 Where it knows not—far or near.

Home is o'er the mountain top,
Far away, and out of sight,
Have you faith, or have you not,
Is it darkness, is it light?

Men will shout a song of praise,
While they seek for wealth and power,
And 'tis difficult to raise
Minds above the passing hour.

Thoughts are high, or thoughts are low,
Either suits the fickle throng;
And at best we scarcely know,
To what class they may belong.

Come and join the jovial throng,
Bid old time a warning take,
For you may defy him long,
In your now uncertain state.

Will he listen to your speech,
Smacks it not, you do defy,
But his power will overreach
All man's boasted majesty.

Raise the head, some heads you'll find,
Far outstrip the common lot;
Others droop from starving mind,
Or from something else—why not?

Look around—for few can tell,
 Some are foolish, some are wise,
 Some have lamps abounding well
 With the oil that some despise.

Does the oil then run to waste,
 Not esteemed except by few,
 Let it go, if such your taste
 And accept the certain due.

Some will build with stone and brick,
 Some would build with wood and sand
 This tho' fragile worketh quick
 And will suit a lazy hand.

Thus it was in ages past,
 Thus 'tis now in every way,
 Roman work was made to last,
 Last until our feeblér day.

Is our time a feeble age,
 Come what think you, tell the truth,
 All so willingly engage
 Doubtful plans and ways for youth.

Water runneth fast down hill,
 Can we stem a foaming stream,
 Loiter, waste your time—sit still,
 If your life is but a dream.

Dreaming on in pleasure deep,
Pass the precious hours away,
Wake and find that ankle deep,
Little feet have gone astray.

Oft gay spirits burn and blaze,
Some few years and then go out,
Neighbours come and talk and gaze,
On the ruins round about.

All the idols are cast down,
Lying useless at the feet,
Once a smile and now a frown,
Is the welcome people meet.

Such a fate tho' some may court
By an erring walk in life,
Is no pattern so 'tis thought,
For a noble daily strife.

DERWENTWATER, LAKE AND OTHERS.

BOSOMED in mountains, sleeps the Keswick lake,
 Fair Derwentwater ;—always at its best,
 When no wild wanton breeze disturbs its peace,
 And every mountain peak, and trickling rill
 Is pictured on its surface clear and bright ;
 Or see it when the angry thunder rolls,
 And when the wind disturbs its placid face,
 Lifts up the waters, and the lake appears
 In savage mood ; and then the rolling waves
 Mimic the stormy seas ; at other times
 Peace rests upon its breast, reflections clear
 Melt in its waters like some pleasant dream,
 When from our sleep we'd gather up the clue
 And find to our regret the thread is lost.

When teeming industry's aggressive force
 Laid its rough grasp upon sequestered dales
 And robbed them of their charms ; the fairy tribe
 Were first to leave ; they crossed the distant hills,
 And in the moonlight trooped upon their way,
 Until they came to smiling Windermere,
 There they held council ; should they there abide,
 Or try to find some less frequented spot,
 They sought a still retreat from man's abode,
 A solitude, a quiet place, and peace,
 And quitted Windermere, and went their way

Under a jewelled sky, and came at length
 To Rydal water, where they sang their songs,
 And danced till daylight, while a clear full moon
 Cast fitful shadows over hill and dale,
 And gave the lake a weird transparent glow,
 A home well fitted for the fairy tribe ;
 Islands all sweetly beautiful, reflections clear,
 The silver birches dipping down their heads
 To grace the waters, and enchant the eyes,
 The mountains lay in solemn beauty round,
 Just far enough away, but not too far
 To make the place a perfect fairy's home ;
 A tune there was, when in our tender years,
 We held the world of trees and flowers and fields
 Rich with the charming notes of singing birds,
 As fairy land ; those days have passed away—
 Faries there are in this our busy age,
 But more material than they were of yore.

Tho' Windermere has lost the fairy tribe,
 'Tis not less beautiful ; the passing clouds,
 Scatter their bright reflections on the lake
 And tint its waters with artistic skill,
 Its length and breadth are not its only claims
 Upon the visitors, whose varied tastes
 Must all be gratified, the jagged pikes
 Are a grand feature, and the mountain tops
 Glow with the gilding of the setting sun ;
 Yet think not that these hills are always bright,
 They have their sunshine, and their heavy rains,
 And oft are shrouded in a driving mist,

For days together, and when winter comes
Snow gathers on the heights; a fitting garb,
As beautiful as nature's other works,
Here weary souls may rest—bright sunny days,
Are oft among its best and many charms,
Precious to those whose life in city toil,
Is daily cast—who through the gliding years
Neglect the claims of nature, till old age
With blunted taste, cares not for all her charms
So lavishly bestowed.

HARK.

HARK, there comes across the sea,
 Sound of song and voices sweet,
 Happy mortals some there be
 Strong in loving life to meet.

Bells are often chiming well,
 Let us list to all they say,
 Many various things they tell,
 Much of life's short history.

Faith that good old walking staff,
 Guides the blinded on the way,
 Helps the helpful always half,
 On their journey day by day.

Heaven's good gifts all mortals seek,
 Soon received are out of mind,
 Yes for human love is weak,
 As the bulrush in the wind.

Faithless is the worldly group,
 Now in smiles, and now in tears,
 Once upon the knees to stoop,
 Full of sorrows, and of fears.

Trusting nothing, such is man,
Graceful bow to play a part,
Yet uncertain in his plan,
And deceitful in his heart.

Silence reigns above us all,
Silvery moon, and evening star,
Passing beautiful, they call,
Hear the message from afar.

"Smooth the pillow, dry the eye,"
Shout a glorious festal song,
Rest, for land, both far and nigh,
And the sturdy working throng.

THOUGHTS.

OUR dreamy thoughts like waters flow,
And are so oft our welcome friends,
Like lightning flash, they come and go,
And all in doubt and darkness ends.
The very winds that bring us ills,
Tomorrow breathe so fair and free,
As storms that fill a thousand rills,
Harvest for some far distant sea,
While all about the earth and sky,
Run ever useful works that tend,
To sweeten thoughts, that dawn and die,
And through the mortal life befriend.
Enough, let's turn the corner here,
That something new we may behold,
And if we have no cause to fear,
Time surely will great things unfold;
But all the cherished thoughts I knew,
Took birdlike wings and flew away,
But left me hill and dale 'tis true,
And brilliant sky, and beaming day;
Why need we hold our thoughts so dear,
They melt away as rainbow arch,
They vanish, and they leave us here,
With only some dark cloud to search,
We search in vain, the colours fly,
Or fade like some old picture gem,

That all had pride in once, and try,
 To make old treasures young again,
 In spite of every thing we do,
 Surrounded as we are by fears,
 The onward prospect claims a few,
 Who languish near the fount of tears,
 And then was heard a thrilling note,
 It died away in space too soon,
 And told us nothing, but it wrote,
 Its own dark warrant on the tomb,
 'Twas but a dream, it passed away,
 Left not a trace the tale to tell ;
 The regal splendour of the day,
 Was shadowed by a gloomy spell ;
 Some thoughts are strange, but stranger still,
 The void, non-thinking oft supplies ;
 'Tis a great waste and want of will,
 That darkens many effulgent skies ;
 A sparkling thought like falling star,
 Lights up the pathway through the gloom,
 And quickly goes, none knows how far,
 To dip in total darkness soon,
 The fleeting thoughts of every day,
 Drop like a spark upon the wood ;
 They gild our footsteps on the way,
 At times for ill, at times for good ;
 Our sorrows come, our sorrows go,
 Succeeded by some flashing light ;
 That from the topmost peek of woe,
 Oft drives away the dark of night,
 A thinker is the friend of man,
 A benefactor to the race,

Sometimes we see a settled plan,
To persecute and to disgrace,
Could we but lift the curtain high,
That now shuts in each cankerous spot.
How would the poor reluctant eye,
Look on a fate that pleases not,
For see ye not the evil nigh,
The evil heart, the evil will,
That wants to fetter truth, and try
To worship stubborn ignorance still.

THE BIT OF BLUE.

THE sky is often overcast,
Dark prospects come to view,
But rest awhile the cloud has passed
Under the bit of blue.

The shingle sings upon the shore,
A treat for me and you,
'Twill sing for ever—evermore
Under the bit of blue.

Its song is from the briny deep,
And sweetly rapturous too,
Bewitching strains of music speak,
Under the bit of blue.

But do you question what I say,
Go watch the process through,
You'll have a lesson for the day,
Under the bit of blue.

Oh when you're old and cares increase,
You'll say my words were true,
But may your life be joy and peace,
Under the bit of blue.

The hawthorn tree will bloom again,
And flowers the summer through,
All over hill, and over plain,
Under the bit of blue.

The looking back to bygone years,
Our buried thoughts renew,
But pleasures then are mixed with fears,
Under the bit of blue.

Our friends will leave us here awhile,
To mourn their absence too,
We'll not forget their sunny smile,
Under the bit of blue.

And when we know old time no more,
And all things pass from view,
Oh may we reach the golden shore
Beyond the bit of blue.

ON THE WAY.

THE things that once had charmed our eyes,
The sounds that charmed the ears,
Are now among the joys and sighs,
That mingle in past years ;
How many friends we used to know,
Have vanished from our sight,
And left us in this world below,
To meet the fading light ;
The wind was moaning at our side,
And spoke a common doom,
But still we did on love abide,
That came no wit too soon ;
It came as manna on the ground,
To feed, sustain and save ;
We blessed its advent as we found
The healing powers it gave ;
To memory now, how much belongs ;
Things once so dear to know,
Are like the words of some sweet songs,
Heard years, and years ago ;
They fell so softly on the ear,
As dew upon the lawn,
And told of things no longer here,
Of love no longer warm.

The very voice of her who sung,
Still echoes in our ears ;
And fleeting time has quickly run,
And dried up many tears ;
The word and ways we knew so well,
The loves that move us yet,
And the warm heart so clearly tell,
Stories we can't forget ;
But all sweet pleasures pass away,
As waves break on the shore,
No record on the sands today,
Of hopes the day before ;
Too soon we find our pleasures gone,
Too soon all things decay ;
Oh have we lost, or have we won,
The blessings on the way.

1906—1907.

I SHUT my eyes and thought
 Of all this year has brought,
 And what is left behind,
 Is now for us to find,
 And what the next may bring
 In its voracious swim
 We need not care to know,
 As we must live therein,
 Be trouble or be woe.

Or should we miss our call
 For want of proper care,
 The bitterness of gall
 Will be our certain share,
 The dry bones yet may live
 To censure and upbraid,
 And recompense, and give
 The debt that is unpaid.

'Tis not accounted sin,
 When foolish mortals choose
 To cast about and win
 What none are bound to lose ;
 Alas the darksome lines,
 Are spread so far apart,
 That fear too often twines,
 Around a feeble heart.

We think we see our way,
But footsteps err 'tis true,
Experience day by day,
Fails with the doubtful few,
We pardon all the fears
Of ever failing age,
And wipe away the tears
That blot the daily page.

Far down the dream of time,
How many thorns we see,
That make us shrink awhile,
From joys around that be,
Years gather, gather soon,
And e'er the one is gone,
Another in its room,
A victory has won.

We bid our friends "Godspeed,"
Chorus of bells speak loud,
Rejoice with all that need,
The years best gifts abound.

CHANGES.

OH leave us in sorrow and sadness,
If such be our fate—we can mourn,
Over all the bright days and the gladness,
That decked out our life at its dawn.

Some weep o'er the hopes that were blighted,
In the spring time of life; when the days,
Shone forth with a promise that lighted,
Our wishes, our hopes, and our ways.

But trouble and sorrows came early,
Those spoilers of peace and of rest,
And the dreams we had nurtured so fondly,
Flew away like young birds from a nest.

For life is so full of great changes,
Nothing certain, but day follows day,
Men exist as they did in past ages,
And as clouds in the sky flee away.

THE STRAY ROSEBUD.

ALONE I was passing the evening hour,
 While bright shone the moon overhead,
 And I felt a guiding and secret power,
 Was over my lifetime spread ;
 I handled a rose that was climbing near,
 But it answered me never a word,
 Tho' its spirit so sweetly bid me not fear,
 And left me to peace undisturbed.

It breathed its sweet odours, so far and so wide,
 I felt its strong influence too ;
 And a rosebud that fondly hung at its side,
 Blushed well, with a blush that was true,
 It seemed to desire retirement from all,
 And looked so excessively shy,
 And hung down its head, as tho' it would fall,
 To the hand of the first passer by.

Oh ! often we meet, with a true loving heart,
 That welcomes a friendly appeal,
 But waits the warm fingers of friendship to start,
 The harp strings of loves pretty dream.
 The sweet pretty flower was welcomely nigh,
 As it droopingly clung to the wall,
 So beauteous and bright, and dear to the eye
 Like a vision of joy to us all,

And pure from the clouds a sparkle may drip
 On its bosom, and hang like a tear,
 Enfolded at length by the sweet pretty lip,
 That can make the rose worship so dear ;
 Speak, speak to us all ; come offer a kiss
 That will draw weary souls into light,
 And shed all around an acceptable bliss,
 And make a dark shadow look bright.

'Tis yours to adorn the little thatched cot,
 Adding charms to the meadow hard by,
 'Tis yours to embellish each well favoured spot,
 On the stream that runs murmuring nigh ;
 A happy young maiden will wander alone,
 To gather wild roses so near,
 And use them as charms to embellish her home
 That may in more comfort appear.

And what if the rose takes a womanly form,
 In a dress that a fairy might weave ;
 Transparently light as the first early dawn,
 Or the rays of a bright autumn eve ;
 But the blushing one stood, with its sweet little lips,
 Turned inward so coy and composed,
 And seemed to defy the whole world to eclipse,
 Its beauty of life in repose.

A stranger came by, and rudely he grasped,
 The beautiful rose in his hand,
 And tore it away from the tree as he passed,
 To please a sad selfish demand ;

How often self stands in the highway of life,
And spoils a bright future career ;
As years roll away with sorrows and strife,
What a crowd of selfs often appear.

How slow to appreciate some people seem,
The glories that curl round their feet,
And girdle the earth, as it were in a stream
Of sweet things, deliciously sweet ;
Oh hang o'er the threshold a bright fragrant rose,
That will draw weary eyes up above,
And will act as a charm, and there it will pose,
As a sweet little token of love.

FALLING LEAVES.

HOW many a leaf falls from the parent tree
Unmissed by all who near its shadow dwell,
So our best blessings one by one we see,
Drift from among us, whither none can tell.

The choice enjoyments soon grow out of date,
We know them only as the things of yore,
They strangely perish as we calmly wait,
And see them pass away for evermore.

We dream away, and think that time to come,
May yet restore the charm of youthful ways,
'Tis but a dream, alas ! when all is done,
We miss the fragrance of those early days.

Farewell, and must we bid a long farewell,
To all the charms that pleased the eye or ear,
We have enjoyed them, yes, and who can tell,
Whether they may in lifetime reappear !

'Tis plain to all, as age creeps softly on,
That time will alter everything we know,
That youth and youthful hopes will glide along,
And change like other things of long ago.

So let's be up, and doing while we may,
Lest evening shadows take us by surprise,
Pleasures and sorrows ever on the way,
Fall like the faded leaves before our eyes.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

A NOTHER year has slipt away,
What has it brought, or need we say,
It laden came to bring for all,
Some blessed gifts, if few and small.

Another year, another year,
Has dawned upon us bright and clear,
In nothing let us then engage,
To mar and soil its opening page.

Lagging winter will remain,
Yes through many a stormy day,
Loath to leave the open plain,
Or in smiles to pass away.

Days are now, as days of old,
Brilliant sun, and cutting wind,
And the weather, sharp and cold,
Keeps the lovely spring behind.

Winter e'er he quits us here,
Nips and gives us many a blow,
And his temper seems severe,
When at last he's bound to go.

Thro' the dark and gloomy days,
How we long for light and spring,
And for flowers to deck the ways,
And for birds to pipe and sing.

Spring and summer soon will come,
Cheering here, delighting there,
And the days of brilliant sun,
Bringing blessings everywhere.

Summer comes with cautious feet,
Changing raiment day by day,
Breath of early morning sweet,
With the scent of new mown hay.

Birds will sing the song of gladness,
All the winds of heaven will blow,
Soothing gales, for woe and sadness,
And bright hopes for all below.

Little wavelets brisk and glowing,
Curling in a fairy way,
Break not into fury throwing
High in air a scornful spray.

Let us wander here and there,
By some placid glassy stream,
Seeking quiet everywhere,
And a restful peace serene.

We are pilgrims passing time,
Waiting early, waiting late,
As the robin rests awhile,
Sitting on the garden gate.

In the pleasant fruitful meadows,
Let us wander as we may,
Till the never failing shadows,
Bid us hasten on our way.

Songsters of the woods surround us,
Happy birds on bush and tree,
Sing your sweetest songs around us,
Fear not any harm from me.

Call me to the great awakening,
And the garlands of the may,
Life is dawning, life is taking,
All the dreary hours away.

Call me all ye budding flowers,
When your winter's sleep is o'er,
And bedeck the earthly bowers,
With a glorious dress once more.

Kiss me flowers overhead,
Kiss me flowers at my feet,
Let your magic scents be shed,
In abundance passing sweet.

At the glorious moontide hours,
 At the joyful break of day,
 Fling around us all the powers,
 That your sovereign will obey.

In the morning's early dawn,
 In the evening's quiet shade,
 Let luxurious scents be borne,
 Wafted slowly up the glade.

Golden crested fields of grain,
 Stand in glorious bright array,
 And from hill to hill proclaim,
 Daily bread from day to day.

Kiss me honeysuckle sweet,
 Let your toils around me creep,
 Kiss me roses, columbine,
 Kiss me violets sublime.

Kiss me all ye summer flowers,
 Kiss me all ye hanging bowers,
 Spring put forth thy budding measures,
 Autumn fill our lap with treasures.

Kiss me sparkling daisy tribe,
 Lighting many a grassy spot,
 Round our home may still abide,
 Faithful, true, forget-me-not.

Happy hours prolong your stay,
Happy days go not so fast,
Years that fly so soon away,
Leave us something that will last.

Fascinating fairy powers.
Seem to dwell among the flowers,
Feasting on the perfumed air,
That is floating ever there.

Eyes that shine and lips that speak,
May about us always be,
Hearts that nobly feel and beat,
Are the flowers one loves to see.

Revel as you will with flowers,
They will perish at your feet,
But this human heart of ours,
Should be always pure and sweet.

Grievous 'tis to see it laden,
With deep anguish and despair,
Or to see it sadly shaken,
Overburdened everywhere.

When the storms of autumn blowing,
Clothe the ground in rainbow dress
Leafy beauties ever throwing,
Lovely tints o'er loveliness.

Kiss me stars of glowing splendour,
Jewelling the purple sky,
Bidding mortals to remember,
Other worlds may be on high.

Kiss me heavenly robe of glory,
Studded with those gems of light,
None can read your fate and story,
Brilliant as you shine at night.

Will our love not last for ever,
Must our memory fade away,
Dream not of such sorrow never,
Hapless creatures of a day.

Time with tattered garments round him,
Will proclaim his power to all,
Some must hear him, some have seen him,
All must feel his hand and call.

Life with all its joys and sorrows,
Soon will melt before our eyes,
Trust not much to some to-morrows,
Which perhaps will never rise.

Far across the border land,
Grow a multitude of flowers,
Some are sweet, and some are grand,
All more perfect far than ours.

Angel hands are often bringing,
Flowers of thought for some below,
Listen to their voices singing,
Memories of long ago.

LONG AGO.

O H those golden days we knew,
Long ago, ah ! long ago,
But they soon passed out of view,
Long ago, ah ! long ago.

Did a little cloud arise,
Casting shadows far and near,
What was that in youthful eyes,
Nothing, nothing, then to fear.

Did some others share our bliss,
With a bright and glowing sky,
Yes, but time has changed all this,
And those days we bid goodbye.

Now the years roll on apace,
Faster as we older grow,
And we weary in the race,
Differing much from long ago.

How we loved those golden days,
They were bright and swift to go,
We ne'er ceased to sing their praise,
Long ago, ah ! long ago.

Oh those golden days of yore,
Full of hope, and free of care,
Are they gone for evermore,
If they've gone, oh tell us where.

Will they ever come again,
Doubtful are all things below,
We shall change, but may retain
All the joys we used to know,
Long ago, ah ! long ago !

UNDER THE CLOUDS.

COME let us sit down in the evening,
 And talk with our friends up above,
 We have their remembrance in keeping,
 And still fondly cherish their love ;
 In sadness and sorrow we parted,
 And bid them a hasty goodbye,
 Our tears that abundantly started,
 Fell down in a stream from the eye.
 Oh then the long hours on the morrow,
 Under clouds, and a desolate calm,
 Were broken by sob and by sorrow,
 And a feeling of hopeless alarm ;
 The shadow of death softly creeping,
 Around and about us all here,
 Whispers sorrow will wake from her sleeping,
 With a greeting of love for the ear.
 In hope for a bright little future,
 We ignore all the warnings that come,
 And day after day we can venture,
 The same risky journey to run ;
 Take heed for the minutes are winging,
 Their usual romp overhead,
 And time so unfeeling is ringing,
 A peal that the crowd be misled.
 The fathers, and mothers, and children,
 Speak now from a sunlight above,

Loving words that in sorrow were hidden,
 At the trial of faith and of love ;
 We look up to heaven to regain,
 The bliss that on earth we well knew,
 And perfectly there to obtain,
 The ties that in life were so true.
 In dreams, oh its easy to dream,
 Of the present, the future, the past,
 Of the hopes that in glory may beam,
 With a light that for ever will last ;
 Oh its easy enough to dream on,
 While things in the world pass away,
 Some have lost from their fears, some have won,
 Who cares what the people may say.
 We wander o'er hill and o'er plain
 In search for a something that's new,
 Chasing joys that seldom remain,
 And false words we think may be true ;
 The bright tints that catch the world's eye,
 Are dearly loved idols to day,
 And we pause for a moment and sigh,
 At the follies that draw us away .
 We wander at will to the last,
 We are here, we are there, but in name,
 We awake and our dream is all past,
 And our fate seems confusion, and shame ;
 We toy with so many sweet things,
 And forswear the distasteful as foes,
 While a measure of feebleness clings,
 Over joys upon which we repose.
 Like bees in a garden of flowers,
 Not resting for long on the way,

But daily for hours and for hours,
 Floating on in a world of display;
Our journey along is so bright,
 With a quivering star at the end,
That may leave us in sorrowful plight,
 Or save us at last as a friend.
But the winter wind cuts up the flowers,
 And bids the bees flee to their nest,
We know not but trust the good powers,
 Will befriend and provide for us best.

LIST TO THE MUSIC.

LIST to the music that falleth so sweetly,
 On all weary souls that comfort would know,
 List to the melody, soothing completely
 The sorrowful sighs of a deeply felt woe.

If the world smiles on, may it smile upon those
 Who've hearts that can feel, and heads that can guide,
 And are strong in the power to refuse, or propose,
 And patiently willing in hope to abide.

Along the hard road of the world men may stumble
 They've done it so often, in years that are gone,
 Let's leave them behind on the journey to grumble,
 And go straight ahead till life's calling is done.

So onward we'll journey and all pull together,
 As those that have only one object in view,
 And the sun of our hopes will shine on for ever,
 As long as each member is honest and true.

But sharp turns of life perhaps may bewilder,
 Some traveller that plods the great highway alone,
 And hearts brave and honest, 'tis well to remember,
 Will fail in some cases, when far from their home.

The soft evening shadows that glide o'er the plain,
 A sweet peace for all and good feeling instil,
 And what we prize most we may hope to obtain,
 In the fair land of promise, just over the hill.

MARBLE HALLS.

SOME men covet marble halls,
 Some will wealth, and honours cherish,
 Some will go when duty calls,
 On to glory, or to perish.

Men make troubles out of number,
 Troubles that embitter lives,
 Trifles that destroy their slumber,
 Trifles, reason says, despise.

Fleeting pleasures, fading mountains,
 Things that come, and go, and fall,
 And the music of the fountains,
 Have a secret charm for all.

Oh, the giddy crowd that smiling,
 Courts the shadows on the way,
 Hoping, thinking, and abiding
 In the follies of the day.

Working at a busy calling,
 Till the best of life is o'er,
 All for what? a greedy toiling,
 Making life's hard burdens more.

Grasping at some fancied idol,
That retreats before the eyes,
Folly builds her temple smiling,
Thinks herself so good and wise.

Led astray by some illusion ;
Such is life, and struggles on,
On to trials, and confusion,
Heedless how the end may come.

Labour's hands too often lighten,
Work that brings a blessing with it,
Men should always strive to brighten,
Life with all the troubles in it.

Weak and faithless human nature,
Throws its choicest gifts away,
Treasures gathered for a future,
Are so often loath to stay.

Thus goes life, with many a hitch,
Year by year, and day by day,
Faithful promises but which
Fail at last, and pass away.

Joys and pleasures, fun, and laughter,
To the many often fall,
Would that earth born son and daughter,
Ne'er had cause to weep at all.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

HIGH mounts the blazing fire to-night,
The children round about it creep,
All are so happy, and so bright,
And think they have no need of sleep.

The young ones too, with care have hung
A big old sock, on bedroom door,
Trusting that some good Saint may come,
And add a trifle to the store

The day dreams now, are dreams of love,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men—
'Tis sung we've heard in realms above,
But earth has yet, not said "Amen."

Roll, Christmas on—to sweet young hearts
A time of joy and sparkling eyes,
The older folks have played their parts,
And age has made them staid and wise.

Shadows are creeping over the walls,
Shadows of some old Christmas day;
Homes and hearts have so many recalls
Of times, and people, passed away.

SONG.

To

COME sing us now another song,
Not like the one of years ago,
When you were neither well nor strong,
And sung of only grief and woe.

Your little sorrow was but short,
Nor did it cloud the passing day,
And all the trouble time had brought,
Vanished like rainbow tints away.

The last sweet song we heard of thine
Was long ago—yes, long ago,
But we can ne'er forget a line
Tho' many years are gone we know.

The words still linger in our ears,
They touched our hearts they were so sweet,
They smoothed our troubles, dried our tears,
And brought a starlight round our feet.

They breathed a holy heavenly love,
And charmed us with their even flow,
Like some blest message from above,
That we would oft give worlds to know.

The days were long, but not too long,
We felt they dawned for peace and rest,
We valued much the gifted song,
That spoke of priceless love as blest.

Now sing a hopeful song of love,
For loving hearts were made for all,
They claim a birthright from above,
And have survived the mortal fall.

For what is life without a heart,
That tunes itself day after day,
To meet and overcome in part,
The worldly spirit of dismay.

THE DECAYED MANSION.

A HARP long slumbering in the hall,
 Gave forth no sign of tune or sound,
 No gentle hand was near to call,
 A fitful note for those around,
 A quivering air might come at length,
 Awakened murmurs might be heard,
 When the harp breathed, as if by stealth,
 Some cord was loosed, and hope bestirred,
 The sound was just like some sad sigh,
 It was a feeble trembling tune,
 That seemed to halt, and then to die,
 In measured flight alas too soon ;
 There was a something in the air,
 That had an influence on the strings,
 And settled on the harp and there,
 Whispered of strange unearthly things ;
 Far from the path of living men,
 Across the plain, or by the shore,
 We hear soft echo's voice and then
 Oppressive silence reigns the more,
 But not for evermore it weaves
 A dreamy sort of spirit song,
 Like to the warblers clad in leaves
 That converse sweetly all day long,
 Or like a little wandering rill,
 That scarcely moves but is not still.

Then came a spirit fair and free,
 And said dear harp come speak to me,
 For we were formed to sooth and please,
 And set the sorrowing heart at ease.
 Our better parts have long been left,
 To moth, and mould, and slow decay,
 By cruel fate we were bereft,
 Of many joys that crowd the day,
 In this fair world of strife and woe,
 We chase away the passing fear,
 And other seeds of discord sow,
 Unmeant for suffering souls to hear
 A careless word may often wound,
 A tender heart beyond belief,
 And no sure charm perhaps is found,
 To sooth and minister relief,
 But ages long have slept and time,
 Has softly passed, and healed the heart,
 And waiting has been mine and thine,
 And sleep alone a common part,
 The lark's sweet songs from border land,
 Have put to shame our death in life,
 Or we had sought a willing hand,
 To satisfy and soften strife.

The harp is silent, and its strings,
 Seem in a widowhood of woes,
 Altho' such still, and quiet things,
 They sometimes mutter in repose.
 The queer old clock upon the stairs,
 Has lost indeed its speaking powers,

It cannot warn the house, and shares
 With the mute harp the silent hours,
 Its hands are still before its face,
 As tho' it felt ashamed to speak,
 And standing there in dire disgrace
 It looks so sad and dull and meek,
 Time was it called the household through
 To offer daily prayer and praise,
 And all the usual duties do ;
 But now it can no warning raise ;
 It used to strike but long has ceased
 To work for those whose daily care,
 Was not bestowed, and thus released,
 It wished the lazy life to share,
 But time slips on, and mortals sleep
 Some of the best of hours away,
 And need be roused so oft to keep
 The glorious dawning of the day.

The rusty armour on the wall,
 Reads human souls a lesson still,
 It answered in its day to call
 And make, and then, enforce a will ;
 The strongest arm, the keenest sword,
 Were both base instruments of law,
 When tryant tongues had said the word,
 Life struggled still, but hoped no more,
 Men always give those troublous times
 A morbid character of shame,
 When power could press with fearful lines,
 And honour cruelty as fame ;

The tenant of this ruined home,
 After long years, has passed away,
 His very name is scarcely known,
 Except upon the tomb to-day,
 Ah is this all?—are none now near
 To show a right to acres wide,
 The common record stateth here
 “The name, the date, the age he died.”
 Oh is this—is this all indeed?
 We at the wishing well of faith
 Would answer no; but few would heed
 A warning at the garden gate;
 His bones now rest, the neighbours say,
 And nought is known of house within,
 For one may knock, and knock all day,
 To ask if bones are safe and in
 The shadows dim another morn,
 While time runs wildly to its close,
 And hope that gilds the way forlorn,
 Faint and still fainter ever grows,
 Thick darkness hides the coming day,
 The hours run on in breathless haste,
 Life’s burdens all are cast away,
 At the steep steps of rueful waste,
 Hope lights the path a few short hours
 And casts dim rays on far off home,
 And wrestles long with earthly powers,
 Till its bright lights are almost gone,
 Some speak with folly, some with truth
 And wish to gather bone to bone,
 That long have slept, and now forsooth,
 Would rest in peace if left alone.

TO REV. W. J. JOSLING—9, JAN., 1906.

The Anniversary of his Birthday.

THE best of wishes from old friends,
Feeble expressions tho' they be,
When all sincere, will make amends,
And prove a true regard for thee ;
And may this day of joy and peace
Repeat itself for many a year,
And hopes best promises increase,
The blissful joys that now are here.

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